



# Untitled so far



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I thought the most painful thing in the world would be getting stabbed in the eye with a sharp knife. I was wrong. I hadn't experienced real pain, not yet. And then the thing happened and my life was ruined. I stopped eating, brushing my hair and teeth. I wouldn't shower for days on end. I wore the same clothes over and over until my mother forced me to change them, saying how bad I stank. My face had a shiny film over it, my eyes shadowed with darkness. I only went to school a couple of times a week. I laid in bed all day and only got out to pee.

"Caren, you have to tell me what is wrong. You can't keep going on like this. You're a mess." I never answered her questions. "Caren, please. I can help you, I'm your mother for Christ's sake." I rolled over in my bed, away from her and pulled the hot comforter over my head. Spring was in the air and it was too warm for comforters, but I needed something to cover my face and block out the light. "Okay. I'm not giving up on you, I love you so much, okay?" I said nothing. I breathed steady and silently until I heard her leave my room and go down the stairs.

I never want to talk about the thing. If my mind started to wander there, I told myself that none of it was real. It was all in my head. But I didn't really believe it. Every time I stepped into the dreaded shower, I saw my naked body and I was transported to that parking lot again. The sticky summer air filled my nostrils and threatened to suffocate me. And I fell to the bottom of the tub and sobbed, letting the noise of the water drown out the sound of my sobbing. I pressed my eyes shut so hard that they grew sore. My body shook with each heave. My body was covered in bruise-like marks from burning myself with ice. I used anything I could get my hands on to hurt myself. It didn't matter. My body wasn't mine anymore.

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